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Potatoes and all Seasonable Vegetables.
Everything of High Grade and Low Price.
Candies, Nuts, &c.

DRIED PEACHES, 4 CENTS POUND.
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The best Floating Soap in the world for
Toilet and Laundry purposes,
7 Bars for 25 cents.
Pure Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard cheaper
than any house in city.
Fine Laundry Soap,
12 Bars for 25 cents.

**TOPEKA GROCERY COMPANY,
706 KANSAS AVENUE.**

IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.

Elaborate Reception Given at the
Topeka Club.

A CHARMING AND ELEGANT AFFAIR.

General Notes of Society, and Personal
News of the City.

Never was "sound of revelry by night,"
accompanied by more elegant appointments,
than characterized every surround-
ing of the elaborate reception given
by the Topeka club last evening at their
elegant home on Sixth and Harrison.

As the guests came down from the
dressing room a triumph of the floral
decorator's art greeted the eyes. The
hall mantle was a mass of holly with its
glowing red berries. The vestibule was
converted into a bower of green; the
sideboard was all in green with pink
roses, and punch was served in this
delightful nook.

The reading room was a study in
green, where palms alone were the decorative
element. The west hall was a
rosy corner much sought by tired dancers,
and in the angle made by the stair-
case was an improvised tea-table.

In the front parlor were elaborate
decorations of green with pink chrysanthemums.
Here the musicians occupied the
hollow window. Between the front and
back parlors an immense basket was
suspended, holding a most luxuriant
growing fern, producing a particularly
noticeable and artistic effect.

In the back parlor the ladies of the
reception committee stood in front of the
mantel backed with ferns and palms and
white chrysanthemums.

The ladies who received were Mrs. A.
S. Johnson, in heliotrope silk and velvet,
with front of pink crepe, duchesse lace
at the neck; Mrs. E. J. Crawford, ashes
of roses bengaline, with narrow velvet,
with fall of duchesse lace in front; Mrs.
Frank Holliday, white chiffon over white
silk, pearl passementerie, carried pink
roses; Mrs. C. J. Brown, lavender satin,
with darker hue velvet; Mrs. George
Sharritt, black silk skirt, velvet waist,
sleeves and front of striped light and
dark green satin, garniture of black lace,
carried pink carnations; Miss George
Littlefield, pink faille, sleeves and girde
of emerald green velvet; Miss May Wason,
white chiffon over white silk, garni-
ture pearl passementerie, carried pink
roses.

The committee to whom the exquisite
decorative effects were due, were Mrs.
A. A. Hurd, who was gowned in cream
chiffon over cream crystal silk, with
trimming of iridescent fringe, carried
la France roses. Mrs. E. S. Quinton, in
a skirt of tan satin, waist of rich brown,
with vandyke points of lace on the
sleeves and bodice, bunch of old rose;
Mrs. Arthur Mills, white satin, sleeves
of illusion, hand bouquet of red
roses; Mrs. Charles Blood Smith, black
satin with Persian vest; Mrs. George
Craus, black satin costume with garni-
ture of black lace over white satin; Miss
Margaret Mulvaney, yellow crepe, with
sleeves of yellow and white brocade silk,
garniture of yellow ribbon and large
bows of yellow lined with white satin,
carried magdalen American Beauty
roses.

The ladies forming the refreshment
committee were Mrs. W. A. L. Thompson
in handsome light silk with lace
trimming; Mrs. A. H. Thompson, elegant
brocade silk; Mrs. Hammett in
black and white satin and lace.

In the small dining room the mantel
and radiator were a mass of green with
pink roses, out of which flared myriad
candelabra. In the middle of the table
a large cut glass candelabrum rested on a
center piece of pink roses; asparagus
fern wreathed the table, over the white
surface of which were pink rosebuds
were carelessly scattered. Cut glass
bowls of pink candy carried out the color
scheme most successfully, and pink
shades over the electric lights finished
the effect.

In the large dining room it seemed
that fairy fingers had indeed been at
work. The effect is difficult to describe.
The radiator and sideboard were banked
with green, white roses being the only
floral decoration. In the center of the
table was an exquisite electric Dresden
lamp; from this centerpiece smilax
was arranged in starlike rays
and terminating in electric lights.
Six ropes of smilax were sus-
pended from the smilax draped
chandelier, were confined at each corner
and on each side of the table caught and
apparently held by electric lights. Cut
glass vases of white roses stood about on
table and sideboard, and the white lights
glowed from every available space.

Dancing was enjoyed till a late hour,
and as the gay company "chased the
glowing hooves with flying feet," every
one felt that the perfect enjoyment of

the occasion would long be one of the
pleasantest memories.

General Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Coupes and sons
Harold and Jim of St. Louis, are the
guests of Mrs. Coupes' sister, Mrs. N. T.
Knowles.

Mrs. Virginia Stuart and son Harry are
visiting friends in Kansas City this
week.

The Ex Washburn club held a very
interesting meeting on Monday evening
with Mrs. R. M. Gaw. They finished the
study of the Goths in Spain, and at their
next meeting, January 7, will take up
the Moors.

Mrs. J. P. Kunkle of Perry, Kas., and
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Barb, were the guests
of Mrs. J. T. Stevens and Mrs. M. A.
Cummins, last week.

Mr. Will Haskell, formerly of Atchison,
recently of Salt Lake City, where he
has met with much success as an amuse-
ment director, will stage and put on the
lady minstrel show, of which Mrs. Jonathan
Thomas will be chief patroness.
Mrs. Charles S. Eagle is a painter of
beautiful china. Mrs. Eagle studied in
Detroit under the direction of Franz A.
Bischoff and George Laykuf, two of the
most celebrated artists in their line in
America.

John A. Lee of the Chas. Wolf Pack-
ing Co., will leave this evening for Gal-
veston, Texas.
Mrs. F. P. Baker and the twins, children
of her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Sharp, left
today for Denver. The children have
been with their grandmother while Mr.
and Mrs. Sharp were getting settled.
Mrs. Baker will be absent about a week.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Conner have re-
turned from their visit to Monticmery,
Ala., where Mr. Conner went to attend
important Masonic festivities in which
he took a prominent part. Mr. and Mrs.
Conner were delightfully entertained
and visited Mobile and other points
while in the south.

Miss Daisy Sampson, Miss Minnie
Marsh, Miss Alice Aswood, Miss Kittie
Lindsay, Miss Nannie Hopkins and Miss
Daisy Smith have a club organization in
contemplation, which will probably be
known as the Roundabout club. Duplicate
whist will be the chief object and
pastime, and though the young men will
be deterred from membership they will
be the invited guests of the members
very often.

Miss Anna McCabe is attending Lin-
denwood college at St. Charles, Mo.

The Pansy club met Tuesday afternoon
with Miss Julia Street, and selected of-
ficers as follows: President, Miss Rose
Gibson; secretary, Miss Jessie Small;
treasurer, Miss Frances Littlefield.

The Nautilus club will meet with Mrs.
Frank next Tuesday afternoon.
The next meeting of the Steelman club
will be on the evening of December 26
at 118 West Sixth street. This club will
hold an open session during January.

Miss Mary McCabe dined with Miss
Theresa Rossington last evening.
Mrs. J. B. Larimer will give a thimble
party Friday afternoon.

The West street Reading club met
with Mrs. Henry Pierce this afternoon.

The Iroquois club will entertain to-
night.

The Oxford club will watch the New
Year in at their next party.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

A little silver spoon which shuts up
as pocket scissors are made to do is a
new device for filling a pipe.

Wreaths supported on long pins are
used for hats. Another favorite design
is branching rays, each supporting a
pearl.

The back combs keep their impor-
tance. A novelty was seen in amber
shell in which the moon and stars were
inlaid with diamonds.

A brooch of white enamel leaves, with
pearls as berries, would make an ideal
ornament for a bride. Black ivy leaves
separated by pearls are intended for
mourning.

A beautiful necklace seen has four
rows of small pearls caught together
every inch or so by pierced emeralds. The
medallion is flat and covered with
tracery, in which are sunk colored
stones.

The filigree bonbon spoons that are
got out for the holidays are the prettiest
things imaginable. The newest designs
are in silver gilt, touched with colored
enamel and enamel flowers wreathing
the handles.—Jewelers' Circular.

Corrigan's Brother-in-Law.
TAMPA, Fla., Dec. 13.—W. L. Corrigan,
a brother of Archbishop Corrigan, of
New York, and Dr. Geo. W. Corrigan, of
San Antonio, Fla., was sent last night to
Milledgeville, Ga., in the custody of a
guard, where he will be placed in the
invalids' home for the insane.

NEW YORK BEAUTIES DEFENDED.

A Critic Who Declares That the Women
at the Horse Show Were All Right.

I have been very much amused by
Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's letter in
which she sweepingly condemns the
women of New York seen by her at the
horse show for the reason that they
lack, in Mrs. Atherton's judgment, the
beauty of the southern and (sic) Cali-
fornia women. While I must admire
the instinct which makes one stand up
for one's native state as a producer of
the most beautiful women, especially
when the writer is a woman, I am
moved to mirth by the ridiculous criti-
cisms of our representative New York
women seen at the great annual festival.
I heard a traveled and titled Englishman
declare last week as he walked past the
glowing parterre of radiant womanhood
at the Madison Square Garden that he
had never seen at any court gathering
or in any city in the world such a dis-
play of beauty of form and face, a
showing that gave to New York city
the fame it has throughout the civilized
world, even in California, for its mag-
nificent feminine population. We do
not need a foreign cachet, however, for
I think it was our own Mark Twain
who remarked, "There is a goddess
grace about a New York woman, some-
thing more than mere clothes, that can
be recognized the world over."

Of course I am forced to agree with
Mrs. Atherton that our New York beau-
ties do not boast the preponderance of
nose which the talented authoress has
vainly sought for. If she had looked
inside the ring, she would have found
nose enough to satisfy her cravings in
this direction, but I really have yet to
learn that a superabundance of proboscis
is a necessary adjunct to beauty.
But that such faces as those of Mrs.
Burke Roche, Mrs. Saffron-Tailor, Mrs.
Elissa Dyer, Jr., Mrs. Duncanson Elliott
and others equally beautiful should be
called merely commonplace is a dis-
tinctly humorous assertion.

The beauty of the southern women
that Samuel Minturn Peck has made us
so well acquainted with is something
we are all proud of. Her modesty and
womanliness are among her greatest
 charms. The face of the wild and more
or less woolly western female is some-
thing of another type, of which we will
not speak in the same breath. The
greasy female, with badly fitting
clothes, as portrayed in the modern
erotic novel, is not to be found at the
horse show. She would find it difficult
to obtain admittance, and if she did so
would find herself in unbecomingly
company.

Mrs. Atherton naively remarked,
"The New York woman of fashion
without her bright complexion and hair,
her admirable grooming, her superb
gowns and acquired 'air' could only be
described as commonplace." This re-
minds me of the real estate man who
was praising the late-western lots, by
the way—which he offered for sale.
"All the place wants," said he, "is
more water, a cooler climate and good
society to make it a perfect paradise."

"Well, that's all hell wants," re-
sponded his client.
Take any woman—a Californian
woman even, with all her general raw-
ness and her burly speech—give her
bright complexion and hair, superb
gowns and an air, natural or acquired,
and you will have a very fetching female.
Take a New York woman under these
circumstances, with all her esprit, chic
and poise, and you have the most
charming of results—the New York
woman as seen at the horse show. I
cannot believe that Mrs. Atherton saw any
representative woman at the show. She
must have come across a bevy of house-
maids allowed to use a box for an after-
noon and mistaken them for society
leaders.—Kate Masterson in New York
Sun.

Put Salt on Coal.

At this time of the year, when the
coal begins to develop such extraordi-
nary possibilities in the way of rapid
consumption, housekeepers are eagerly
on the lookout for something that will
at least prevent waste if it cannot by
any other means make a ton "go fur-
ther." There are several preparations for
this purpose sold under fanciful
names, but the basis of most of them is
ordinary salt. If the latter is sprinkled
liberally over the coal, either in the
bin or as it is put into the furnace, it
will make it burn more evenly to a
clean ash and will also prevent clinkers.
Of course there is some chemical
explanation for this, but the ordinary
housewife does not care much about the
reason. She is satisfied that it is so.—
Housekeeper.

She Quoted the Bible.

Mrs. Ella C. Chamberlain, president
of the Florida Equal Suffrage associa-
tion, lectured recently at Limona in
the Methodist church on "The Bible on
Equal Rights." The Limona corre-
spondent of the Tampa Times says, "The
calmness and force of the address and
the interesting manner of presenting the
facts held the close attention of her au-
dience throughout and were peculiarly
convincing to thoughtful minds."

The Empress Will Rule.

More than one of those who witnessed
the Russian imperial wedding told me
that in their opinion the empress and
not the czar will rule Russia. All
credit her not only with high nobility
of character, but also with intellectual
endowments of no ordinary kind, just
as all who saw her in her bridal robes
ascribe to her that regal beauty which
befits a queen.—London Correspondent.

The All Conquering Woman.

Sarah Bernhardt is now a chevalier
of the Legion of Honor. This bit of red
ribbon will decorate the breast of an
actress for the first time, but no one
will say Donna Sol and Sardon's and
Dumas' chief heroine is not worthy of
that distinction. So much for the ad-
vancement of women; so much for the
recognition of their genius in the theater.
—Boston Herald.

WOMEN IN THE FIELD

DAUGHTERS OF ITALY HUSKING CORN
IN CONNECTICUT THIS YEAR.

They Work "on Shares," Their Share De-
ing the Husks—Old Time Husking on
Shares—Many of America's Pioneer Women
Used to Do Outdoor Work.

The women have taken to husking
corn in Connecticut. And, moreover, they
work for wages that are simply scandal-
ous in the view of the hired men. The
women work on shares, in fact, their
share being the husks. Of course they
are not American born, nor yet Irish,
English, Swedish or German. They are
—why, of course—"Italians." Who
but the daughters of sunny Italy would
consent to labor all day long in the



HOME ON THEIR HEADS.

fields, in the ofttimes biting air of the
fall, for the husks of the corn they could
denude in that time of its outer cover-
ing?

Of course these women think they are
getting good pay for their work, else
they wouldn't do it at the price, but to
the farmer and the hired man, whose
places they have usurped in the corn-
field, it looks as if they were working
for nothing. But the husks, which to
the farmer are nothing but bedding and
second rate fodder, are to the Italian
women the very best material imagin-
able for filling bedticks. And the work,
though generally counted laborious, is
not overhard to the hardy daughters of
Italy, whose whole lives have been a
succession of what would be the direst
hardships to even the poorest of Ameri-
can born women. It is almost infinitely
better than picking rags or sorting filthy
garbage barrels in the towns, and it is
outdoors besides, where the air is pure
and free.

A voracious correspondent of an eastern
paper says that they chatter and
sing at their work like so many chil-
dren. They do more, too, than to husk
the corn. They dump it into the wagon
box after it is husked, and then at the
close of the day's work, after the sun
has set at his last yellow rays on the New
England landscape, they hustle to the
barn, hitch up the team and haul the
corn that has been husked to the corn-
crib. Then they tramp homeward to the
nearest town. Whether they carry
the husks home on their heads or not
the correspondent does not say, but very
likely they do. It is stated that the hired
men of Connecticut are vastly indig-
nant because of the present arrange-
ment, but it is evident that they are
powerless, and it is possible that in a
year or two more the "dago women"
will be husking corn all over the land
—that is, where corn is husked by hand,
for there are some localities, I under-
stand, where machines for husking are
in use.

Some of my older readers will re-
member that the Italian women are not
the first of their sex to husk corn in
America. Many of the pioneers' wives
used to do their share in the cornfield
every fall, despite the fact that it meant
bleeding hands, turned back and broken
nails and aching frames. It's no joke
to sit on a bundle of cornstalks all day
in the chill air of October or November
and tear the husks from ears of corn.
Even farming men do not like it, and
there is no job about the place that even
the small farmer shrinks so willingly to
the hands of the help and the boys. I
don't blame the said small farmer a
particle. I personally found out all
about the miseries of corn husking in
my own boyhood days and date a cer-



SHE KNEW HOW TO LOAD HAY.

tain stiffness of the fingers that, when
I was 20 or thereabouts, prevented me
from learning to write shorthand, to
my services at that branch of farm la-
bor.

The husking bee of blessed memory
had passed away in the neighborhood
of my bringing up by the time I was
big enough to husk corn, yet I can dis-
tinctly remember that more than one
year when the crop was big and "help"
was scarce the farmers' wives and
daughters went out into the field and
husked. I don't suppose they liked it—
in fact, I know that certain ones dislik-
ed it intensely—but there seemed to be
no help for it. I remember, too, a fam-
ily of six—father, three sons and two
daughters—who used to husk corn on
shares for the farmers' roundabout.
They were Americans, too, and quite as



WET WEATHER SUITS.

These pictures represent different ways of making up waterproofed material.
There is a snug or blouse waist and a three piece skirt hanging in full plaits in the
back. There is a wide pointed girdle of the same and a short military cape with a
hood. This may be lined or not, as preferred.

self respecting as any, though poor in
this world's goods. They got one bush-
el in five, maybe one in ten, or even a
smaller share. I am not clear about the
proportion, but it was a great deal bet-
ter than the Italian women are getting
in Connecticut this year, and if these
share workers wanted a few husks the
farmers used to give them freely. This
family was a mighty industrious crowd
in the fall and well on into the winter
—as long, in fact, as there was corn to
husk. They were in the habit of begin-
ning their work at break of day and
working till they could see no longer.
One morning the eldest of the three sons
awoke early and was deceived by the
bright light of the full moon shining in
at his window into thinking the sun
was well up and the whole crowd had
overleapt. So he roused everybody, and
when they found it was a false alarm
the old man decided it was all right,
after all, and out they went into the
field and husked by moonlight, although
it was barely 3 o'clock. After that the
family husked corn every moonlight
night, and that, too, without working
any less number of daylight hours. Just
how they managed it I have always
been unable to understand.

It would be pleasing perhaps to those
who believe there is nothing so conduc-
ive to good looks and good health as
hard work in the open air to say that
the girls of this family were models as
to form and comeliness to face and were
never ill, but the facts are against it.
As I remember it, they were always ailing,
were marveled of stupidity in school
and painfully shy among their play-
mates. The boys, however, were fine
specimens of physical grace and took
the lead in all sports, though at their
books they were the most backward in
the neighborhood. It would also be
pleasing to be able to record that in later
years the boys braced up mentally,
and that through the hardships of their
youth and the industry then learned in
the cornfield they turned out to be the
most successful in the game of life of
all the boys of the region, but again
the facts are against it. The father was
a bar ness maker by trade, and he worked
thereat, when there was anything going,
in a shop that had once been the
schoolhouse, which he occupied free of
rent. His sons all learned the same
trade, and the last I heard of them, four
or five years ago, all three—the father
was then dead—were mending harness
in the old schoolhouse shop whenever
there was any mending to do. In the
old days when there was neither harness
mending nor corn husking to do they
used to go fishing or else loaf about in

hustler ought to, even at poor pay. Their
expenses were light, however, they lived
within their means, and nobody ever
heard of their running in debt so much
as a cent's worth.

But to return to the outdoor work
that the pioneer women of this republic
were wont to perform. It was not limited
to corn husking. Even so late as to be
within my own memory farmers' wives
in some of the interior states have on
occasion helped get in the hay. I knew
one woman, and she was a woman of
intelligence and culture, too, who could
"load" hay as well as any man in the
neighborhood. "Loading" hay, by the
way, is not "pitching" it to the load
from the ground. It is a duty similar to
"trimming" the cargo of a ship, and un-
less it be well performed a load of hay
or grain is sure to slide off the rack or
overboard if the road over which it is
hauled be at all uneven.

In the years of an earlier generation,
while yet flax was among the American
farmers' crops, the women were in the
habit of doing most of the "pulling"
and the "heckling," preparatory to turn-
ing the fiber into thread and linen cloth,
and I have heard of plenty of those that
were mothers of the flax women who
used to go out into the woods and help
at "logging" and "burning feller." Women
acting as teamsters were not at all
rare in those pioneer days, and of
course nearly all of them knew how to
swing the ax.

From all of this it seems to the present
writer that there is sometimes just
a little nonsense in the extravagant ex-
ploitation of those sporadic cases of
female devotion to the farm, the black-
smith shop, the steamboat and other
fields of labor that are usually occupied
solely by men, and because of the great-
er physical strength required in such
occupations justly so.

Nevertheless I know that in thus stat-
ing my opinion I am laying myself
open to the charge of the rankest sort
of heresy—by some people.

M. I. DEXTER.

A Reasonable Request.

Husband—My dear, I want to ask you
one favor before you go off on that long
visit.

Wife—A thousand, my love. What is it?

"Don't try to put the house in order
before you leave."

"It isn't hard work."

"Perhaps not, but think of the ex-
pense of telegraphing to you every time
I want to find anything."—New York
Weekly.

It Was All Right.

"I used to feel a little mean at rob-
bin the beehives," said the tender hearted
farmer, "but since I got to thinkin'
it over I see that I am doin' 'em good.
Ef it wa'n't for me takin' the honey, all
them bees would be out of work all next
summer."—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

The Real Trouble.

Thorpe—I see by the papers that the
monarchs are all desirous of preserving
peace in Europe.

Jenks—Yes, but some of them want
to preserve larger pieces than others.—
Tit-Bits.

Looked That Way.



Little Willie—Are you tongue tied?
Featherstone—Of course not, Willie.
What makes you think so?
Willie—Sister says you has been wait-
ing for months for you to speak.—
Brooklyn Life.